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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is, we suppose, now recognised by competent military judges that in the first flurry of the war the British Imperial Staff made a capital error in sending our troops south to reinforce the French, instead of keeping them in the north to hold the Belgian coast. The possession of Antwerp and Ostend and the coast between them has enabled the Germans to carry out their submarine campaign. It is to remedy this terrible blunder that Sir Douglas Haig and his splendid army are struggling to-day, with a patient skill and dashing bravery that rival the campaigns of Marlborough on the same ground.

Nothing of dramatic importance has occurred on the Western Front since Friday of last week, when, despite the seemingly impossible weather conditions, General Plumer's army resumed progress after an interval of only three days—a "record" in the history of the Serial Battle. On that occasion our troops floundered through to about two-thirds of their objectives. *C'était magnifique mais . . .* We have certainly been badly served by the weather since we initiated on 31 July last—after a delay and modification of plans due to the Russian inoffensive—the battle for the Passchendaele Ridge. To-day we hold five-eighths of the Ridge, including the pivot position astride the Menin road, overlooking Gheluvelt, on the south; we are within reasonable distance of the northern edge of the Ridge on which is situated the village of Passchendaele; and in conjunction with the French we threaten the Houthoult Wood, the northern pivot of the German line. Possession of the Ridge and the Wood, which is ultimately as certain as anything in war can be, will be the prelude to a German withdrawal on such a scale that he must lose (1) his submarine bases, (2) his air-raid bases, (3) his preposterous but vital "bluff" that "our military position was never better than to-day."

Our hopes of killing these three plump birds with one stone before the end of the present campaigning season have been dashed by the weather. But even if we go no further before the winter, we shall start the spring campaign in a highly favourably position, which, in view of the advent of the American Army—an unknown and, for all the German protests of contempt, an alarming factor—will give the enemy peoples something to think about during the hungry winter months. And such thoughts on an empty stomach will not be pleasant. Meanwhile, until the situation becomes unconcealably more serious for the Central Powers, we may expect a Peace Offensive on much the same cumulative system as the Haig process of Limited Objectives. Already feelers have been extended. Kühlmann's "No, never!" speech was, of course, a sounding of the depths of British opinion on the question of Alsace-Lorraine. It was promptly answered, but similar *ballons d'essai* may be expected progressively on a scale exactly commensurate with the estimated strength of the Allied spring offensive. It is impossible in modern war to divorce the military from the political.

Some months ago we asked in a leading article, "When Will the Navy Act?" We ask that question again to-day, on reading of the landing of a German army on the Island of Oesel, at the mouth of the Gulf of Riga. If the German navy can land an army on the Baltic coast, why cannot the British Navy land an army on the Belgian coast? And why has the British Navy allowed the German navy to land an army on the Baltic coast? We make no apology for asking these brutal questions. We are laymen, it is true: but the First Lord of the Admiralty is a railway traffic manager, and we probably know as much of the Navy as he. Reval is within easy distance of Oesel Island, and from Reval to Petrograd is about 160 miles.

The occupation of the Island of Oesel is deplorable from many points of view. Although, in the

absence of anything like effective opposition from the Russian Baltic Fleet, the operation was in the nature of a "walk-over," it will, of course, be hailed as a magnificent victory for German arms and organisation. Further, it will seem to justify the claims of the enemy leaders that they are still powerful enough to initiate successful offensives. So much for the moral effect. Strategically, possession of the island will give the Germans control of the Gulf of Riga and bring them within practical striking distance of the important naval base of Reval, on the coast of Finland, and even of Petrograd itself. Already the threat to the Estonian and Livonian coast has compelled a readjustment—or, in other words, a further considerable retirement—of the Russian right flank, which is endangered by the possibility of a landing in its rear.

A glance at a map reveals limitless possibilities. But it is idle to speculate on the uses to which the enemy will put his success, in view of the three uncertain factors in the situation, viz., the weather, the Russian Army, the Russian Navy. The approach of winter may render anything on a big scale impossible. As to the Army, the troops in the Riga region appear to have stemmed the progress of the enemy since his occupation of that town and there are encouraging reports of a valiant stand made by the garrison of Sworbe, the southern peninsula of the island. The Fleet seems to have acted vigorously, and with more effect *after* the occupation was completed, though what it was doing during the four days spent in landing the German divisions one hesitates to surmise. Perhaps the German guns can yet achieve what no one else succeeded in achieving—silence the talkers of "Free" Russia. Those who go in fear of an impending invasion of England should be comforted by the statement in the German communiqué that it took their landing troops four days to accomplish the essential part of their task. If it takes four days to land, say, 30,000 men and their munitions on an undefended island, how long would it take to land *xtv* thousand men on our shores with the British Navy still in being?

A friend who has just returned from the Front writes that the troops are in high fettle, and are counting on the War lasting another five years. Boys will be boys: but if the War does last another five years, we see, as in a glass darkly, many things. Our National Debt will by that time have mounted up to twenty-five thousand millions: every man, woman and child will be a State pensioner: our men of sixty, as special constables, will be creeping round the squares after juvenile burglars: Germany will have captured Russia, China and Persia: the French will have made peace, and Caillaux president: the British Army, composed of "nuts" of fifty, will have reached the suburbs of Brussels: and everything will be for the best in this best of all possible worlds.

Admiral Von Tirpitz was reported in the *Times* of the 14th inst. as saying, "the centre of gravity of our policy lies in the Belgian question." Although Admiral Von Tirpitz has been deprived of the chief command of the Navy, it frequently happens that what he says to-day Germany says to-morrow. Therefore we draw our readers' attention to an important letter on "Belgian Restoration" which appears in our correspondence column. It has not been decided, so far as we know, whether in international law the effect of war is to cancel previously existing commercial treaties. In English municipal law it has been decided that contracts with the enemy, made before the war, have no binding effect, and are cancelled. Undoubtedly the question of the channel and the southern bank of the Scheldt, the dock dues at Antwerp, and the canal dues in Belgium, matters of previous treaties, will have to be revised.

The delectable Count Luxburg, after trying to escape from the Argentine in a motor to Chili, has been

brought back to Buenos Aires and interned on an island in the River Plate. America and Britain refuse him a safe conduct across the seas: no ship will take him; and he remains in his quarantine prison singing, like Sterne's starling, "I can't get out." Why did the British Government give a safe conduct to that murderous ruffian, Count Bernstorff? We brought him safely and comfortably back to Europe, where he is now plotting against us in Scandinavia. The Americans seem to have imported quite a number of sensible ideas into the war; as, for instance, that an enemy is an enemy and ought to be treated as such; and that a hostile neutral is nearly if not quite as bad, and ought to be bidden sharply to make his choice of sides.

The Government has taken heart of grace and requisitioned the Swedish ships, for which small mercy let us be thankful. We trust that no weakness will be shown in dealing with Holland over the shipping of sand and gravel to Belgium. The Dutch people have been hospitable to our prisoners, both those that have escaped over the frontier, and those that have been by agreement with Germany interned there, for which the British people are grateful. But the Dutch Court, like the Swedish, is pro-German, and this feeling is reflected in the Dutch Government. During the Boer War, the Queen of Holland, then a girl, insulted the British Minister at a Drawing Room by turning away from him and saying to the Boer delegate, who stood near, "I hope President Krüger is quite well." It might be as well to point out to the Netherlands Government that, when frontiers come to be rectified after the war, the south-western bank of the Scheldt may have to be incorporated with Belgium, for the protection of Antwerp.

Parliament re-assembled on Tuesday, and "nobody seemed a penny the worse"—or the better. Nothing is more apparent than the utter indifference of the public to the doings and sayings of the House of Commons. In vain did the evening papers try to whip up excitement by confidential paragraphs of how Sir Edward Carson was discovered alone on the Treasury Bench when the curtain rose, or how Mr. Herbert Samuel was discerned in earnest converse with Mr. Gulland. The dearth of interesting personalities in Parliament is the explanation of this apathy. With the exception of the Prime Minister, and Mr. Asquith, who still commands a party in the House of Commons if not in the country, there is no politician who has impressed his personality on the nation. This is not surprising, seeing that Democracy is the cult of incompetence.

The Petroleum Production Bill, which was read a second time in the House of Commons without a division on Tuesday, is the most striking modification of the rights of property which our Socialistic Government has introduced. Hitherto the owner of land has possessed the surface and everything under his ground. Now it is enacted that he has no right to petroleum found on his property except such royalty as a Socialist Government may choose to pay him per ton. Naturally a Radical metropolitan member expressed his regret that the same principle had not been applied to coal, disapproved of the payment of a royalty, and rejoiced that "it would be a valuable precedent for a policy aiming at the recovery by the people of those rights in the land of which they had been deprived for centuries." This must have been pleasant hearing for Mr. Long and Mr. Pretyman. Had this principle been applied to coal, where would have been the coal-lords of the North, the Beaumonts, the Vanes, the Lambtons, and the Wortleys?

Sir George Cave is to be congratulated on having had the courage to resist the demands of the taxi-drivers and owners. The fares at present are 8d. for the first mile, and 6d. for every subsequent mile. The men demand a 50 per cent. increase all round, which

would mean 1s. for every mile. The Home Secretary offered a 6d. increase for the first mile and no more. The exorbitant demand is 1s. for every subsequent mile, and unless Sir George Cave is firm, there is no reason why a few weeks or months hence the men should not demand 2s. a mile. Experience shows that a successful strike invariably leads to another, and unless the community makes up its mind to resist the first demand, the metropolis will lie at the mercy of these tyrants of the streets.

It is no use making two bites at a cherry, and the Home Secretary would do well to point out to the men that in return for the licence to ply for hire they are bound to take any fare that hails them, to be content with their legal fare, and to comport themselves civilly. It was Mr. Winston Churchill who, when Home Secretary, gave them leave to smoke when driving a fare, an intolerable nuisance. Even smokers dislike having the puffs from another person's pipe blown in their faces: to ladies and delicate persons it is horrible. Nobody else that we know of is allowed to smoke on duty; what would be thought of a clerk or shopman who should address you with a filthy pipe hanging from his lips? These are democratic manners. Of course, there are plenty of decent and civil taxi-drivers, who hate the strike as much as anybody: but they are tyrannised by the officials and the agitators. Luckily, women can drive motors.

Applied science may save a long-suffering public from these gentry. We read in the newspapers that gas-bags are now being substituted for petrol as the propelling power. The gas-bag may be used, we learn, from any part of the motor, from the roof or the driving-seat. Surely this opens an avenue for the patriotic energy of members of Parliament. In the House of Commons their gas is wasted, for no one listens or even reports. But as taxi-drivers, propelling the cab by their own proper pressure, they would be very useful, and certainly more agreeable than the present drivers, who might then be handed over to Sir Auckland Geddes. The members of the War Cabinet might drive themselves, and release for other work the fair and high-born *chauffeuses*, one of whose repartees to a War Lord is still the talk of the town.

A great Milk Trust or Combine has been formed with a capital of £4,000,000, which is to buy up all the dairy concerns and milk and buttermen of the metropolis. This is a stroke quite in the modern style. The new Trust will crush out the small dairy and the individual milkman as effectually as Selfridge's has annexed the Welsh drapers to the right and left of the mammoth establishment in Oxford Street. This is the American idea of business, the policy of the Standard Oil Trust. It fills us with alarm as applied to articles of daily consumption like milk and butter. The householder will be at the mercy of this Combine, which will be able to put the price of milk at any figure it likes—after the war, of course. If the employees of the Milk Trust want higher wages, or prefer to lie a-bed in the morning, the London householder will have to go milkless to its day's work. The milkmaid or milkman with yoke and pendant pails and crooning cry will disappear as quickly as the hansom-cab, and be replaced by the milk-motor; or perhaps milk will be laid on in pipes.

From the personal and professional point of view the appointment of Mr. Clavell Salter, K.C., and Mr. Roche, K.C., to be puisne judges is unexceptionable. They are both sound lawyers rather than showy advocates; their position in the profession is good; and nobody can object to their judicial promotion as based on political grounds. But at a time when business in the Courts must be slack, and when we are spending

eight or nine millions a day, it would have been more decent to save £10,000 a year, and to recall Lord Reading to the discharge of the duties in the King's Bench division, for which he is paid by the public. The employment of the Lord Chief Justice of England as a Government financial agent in the United States is the degradation of a great historical office, and a crying scandal.

London is represented in the House of Commons by 61 members, of whom perhaps seven may be picked out as known to the public, viz., Mr. Balfour, Mr. Long, Sir Frederick Banbury, Mr. Hayes Fisher, Mr. Macnamara, Mr. Burns, and Dr. Addison. The other 54 Metropolitan members are "persons of a great obscurity," as Bright said of the House of Lords. We do not make this a matter of reproach: but we do complain that none of this multitude ever take up London questions. The local surveyors of income-tax are a real grievance. These gentlemen are the deputies of the Commissioners of Income-Tax, who collect a trifle of £224,000,000 a year. The local surveyors are difficult to find, and often inhabit small offices up three flights of stairs. Many ladies and gentlemen have to seek out these officials to claim abatements of tax. Surely they might be made to take commodious offices on the ground floor in main thoroughfares.

We have continuously predicted in this Review that so far from political parties disappearing they were bound to multiply. That is exactly what has happened in East Islington, where there are four candidates to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the sitting member. There is the candidate of the Liberal party, the candidate of the Nationalist party, the Patriotic Candidate, and the Soldiers' and Sailors', or, let us say, the Pensioners' Candidate. The Unionist Party are considering whether they shall run a fifth candidate. The truth is that £400 a year, paid quarterly out of the Treasury, and running for five years, is a considerable temptation to all sorts and conditions of men; particularly now that the expenses of elections are cut down to a hundred or two. We are in for an era of parliamentary "groups," which means impotence and corrupt intrigues.

The public heard with satisfaction on Thursday of a raid by British airmen on a factory west of Saarbrücken which Sir Douglas Haig describes as "some forty miles beyond the German frontier." Our machines dropped bombs with good effect, and all returned safely. Germany is making every effort to increase her air formations, which are "inferior in numbers." Such is the admission in an order by General Ludendorff which has come into our possession. The inferiority is likely to be more serious than ever when the American airmen join in the fray. But Germany's effort is doubtless being carried out with all the thoroughness of that nation, and, perhaps, with forced labour, so that we cannot afford to have any of our own energy wasted in strikes and factory disputes. The resignation of various high officials in Germany will make little difference, though much is made of it by people who do not know German ways.

We should be glad to know the grounds of Mr. Duke's optimism about the state of Ireland and the outcome of the Convention. It is certainly not the view of other members of that body, who know Ireland far more intimately than Mr. Duke, and who are very uneasy. Nothing could better illustrate our method of governing Ireland than the omission to appoint Boundary Commissioners to redistribute seats, and extinguish the absurd little boroughs in the south and west. Canterbury is to go, but Kilkenny is to remain. Of course, the whole system of government in Ireland is in the melting-pot. Nobody seems to be aware of the fact that the Home Rule Act is an unrepealed statute, and is the first and only fruit of the famous Parliament Act.

THE PATRONAGE OF ANARCHY.

CAN anybody say why and from what point of view the patronage of anarchists is sound policy? We ask the question in all earnestness, because we are anxious, in our feeble way, to support the present Government, which rests not on old-fashioned Party, but on new-fashioned Supermen. We observe that our Government has given the fraternal hug with equal warmth to Irish Sinn Feiners and to Russian revolutionaries; and we mark with pain that in both countries our *protégés* seem to be dragging their fellow-citizens into anarchy. Epigrams are excellent to sweeten the bitter bread of despotism; but as a substitute for the maintenance of law and order they are insufficient. Mr. Birrell smiled, without being a villain, for many years; and, had not the war arrived, he would no doubt have gone on smiling until a coronet extinguished his wit. But Roger Casement and the Sinn Feiners butted in and changed the castle uniform to a white sheet, and smiles to tears. Then Mr. Asquith hurried over to Dublin: told everybody that the British system of government had broken down: shook hands with such Sinn Feiners as were brought up to him and hurried back to London to wait and see. He had not long to wait before he saw himself put down and out by his friend Mr. Lloyd George, who despatched Mr. Duke to Ireland. Mr. Duke made the common mistake of imagining that he could win the hearts of Irishmen by professions of sympathy. Irishmen are such past masters in the art of blarney that they see through it in others at a glance. They will not take professions of sentiment from an Englishman: they may cheer them, for they are invincibly polite. But in their hearts they suspect and despise these professions of sympathy, which they regard as weakness or hypocrisy. The Irish have far more respect for an English statesman who announces his intention of administering the law fairly and firmly, and does so. Why has the system of government broken down in Ireland? Because the British Government has not the courage to enforce it consistently: because one rebel is shot, or imprisoned, and another goes scot free: because the law of military service is not applied to Ireland: because the franchise is extended without seats being re-distributed. A system of government which is not enforced without fear and without favour naturally breaks down.

Let us turn to Russia, where the patronage of anarchy has led to sadder and more terrible results than in Ireland. On the 19th of March, 1917, the Prime Minister, in sending "fraternal greetings" and "heartfelt congratulations" to the Russian people on the deposition and imprisonment of their lawful Sovereign, used these words: "So far as our information goes the Revolution has been brought about with very little bloodshed, and the new Government is receiving the support both of the country, as a whole, and of the Army and Navy. . . . We are confident that these events, marking as they do an epoch in the world, and the first great triumph of the principles for which we entered the war, will result, not in any confusion or slackening in the conduct of the war, but in the even closer and more effective co-operation between the Russian people and its Allies in the cause of human freedom." And this was said by the Prime Minister six months ago, with all the information of the Foreign Office and the British Embassy at Petrograd at his disposal. It is painful reading.

Absolute monarchy and democratic revolution are playing for the soul of Europe. Who will win, Kaiser or Kerenski? Since the sword of America has been thrown into the scales, there can be no doubt that the cause of absolutism will fly up and kick the beam. The United States have a population of over a hundred millions, and they are richer to-day than all the belligerents together. Their resources in men and money are untouched, and they are going to bring them into the field against absolute monarchy. Kaiserism, therefore, is doomed—its end is only a question of a

year or two—but is Kerenskiism any better? Britons are fighting for what? To re-model Britain on the Russian pattern? Mr. Lloyd George held Kerenski up to our admiration as "the modern St. Just," as "a great revolutionary character." In congratulating the Russian revolutionaries, he described their rebellion as "the triumph of the principles for which we entered the war." What a prospect! But have the people of Great Britain ever expressed their approval of the principles of the Russian revolution? Unfortunately, absolute government and democratic revolution both end in the subjugation of the individual, in the extinction of liberty, and in official corruption.

IN SUPPORT OF THE SOLDIER.

THERE are still a good many people who refuse to believe that our Army is winning the War in Flanders. They look at the map and they see that our gains are small. They see that the enemy still holds the great bulk of the country, and they argue that the territorial measure of our progress is the test of our success. It is a plausible and popular way of looking at the matter, yet it is utterly fallacious. It is almost equally wrong to say that territory does not matter, and that it is of no consequence where a battle is fought. We do not desire to emulate Mr. Hilaire Belloc in the enunciation of commonplaces. And yet, in view of some of the criticisms put about, it may be not altogether superfluous to remind the public that the object in war is to defeat the enemy. If the enemy is defeated, the territory he holds falls thereby into the hands of the victors. And so far it does not matter whether the issue is decided on one spot or another. But the issue of a battle often depends upon territory. The possession of a rising ground may make the difference between victory and defeat. To command a country by holding commanding parts of it is one of the chief means to victory. Therefore we have had a great series of battles for the possession of positions. And these battles Sir Douglas Haig has nearly always won. If it be objected that when the Germans are driven out of one position they fall back on another, it may be replied that such positions are not infinite in number; but, on the contrary, are few and far between. It is no easy matter to find a line on which to rest an army. The Germans have rested their armies upon the only series of ridges and positions which exist for the defence of the ground they hold in Flanders. And we have now captured nearly all these ridges and positions. The last series of battles was for the irregular crescent of rising ground which lies between the Yser and the low ground bordering the coast. Inside the northern horn of this crescent lies the Forest of Houthoult. And it is upon the Ridge and the Forest that the German position along the coast depends. If we capture the whole of the Ridge the Forest cannot well hold out; but if the Forest is untenable, the Germans must fall back a very long way and in very dangerous circumstances, dragging with them, if they can, those heavy batteries which are their present defence against the British Navy.

The danger of the German position may be gathered from the map. We have now reached a point on the centre of the Ridge which is due south of Qstend. But the German coast positions extend westwards as far as Nieuport. Therefore they are already threatened on the flank and rear. But this is not the whole case. For the high ground upon which we are lodged falls away towards the plain between Ghent and Bruges. The Germans are therefore clinging by their teeth and eyebrows to half a ridge which is their only cover in this vital part of Flanders.

Sir Douglas Haig's method has been, roughly speaking, to take the southern end of the Ridge so as to enfilade position after position to the north, at the same time holding the enemy by a frontal attack. So at least we gather from the progress of events. In these tactics

he has been so successful as to capture the southern half of the Ridge; but the Germans are still strongly entrenched "astride the main ridge somewhat south of Passchendaele, with one leg down the long spur running westward towards Poelcappelle and the other leg down the right spur running to the south-east and ending in the knob known as Keiberg." This is their remaining stronghold, and it is no doubt their hope to hold it until the winter puts an end to our offensive.

Time and weather, then, are obviously the essence of the matter. Given time and weather, if we may judge by past progress, our Armies have a good chance of winning the Ridge, making the Forest untenable, and so driving the Germans out of Flanders. All this hangs in the balance at the present moment, and that we have got so far is a great achievement. Some people had doubted whether even the War Cabinet realised its greatness; but the congratulations of 16 October set that particular doubt at rest.

Flanders is the centre of the war. It has always been the centre of any and every English war fought by England in Europe. We may weaken an enemy in the Peninsula; but we give him the knock-out blow in Flanders. Our soldiers are fighting now over the bones, layer upon layer, of British soldiers that have fought before them. Soldiers of Wellington, soldiers of Marlborough, soldiers of Cromwell, Elizabethan soldiers, Plantagenet soldiers, there they all lie together in a rusty and undistinguishable mass of British arms and British bones. And it is not mere chance that governs the selection of this battlefield: it is the law and destiny of our existence. "Flanders," said Burghley to Queen Bess, "is the counterscarp of Your Majesty's dominions."

It might be worked out as a problem in dynamics. When we strike, for example, at Salonika our national power must leak—it is inevitable—all along a long and tortuous line of communications. It is a line which goes through straits and round corners which make friction and give opportunity of attack. It cannot be otherwise. And when at last our diminished force reaches the distant theatre it cannot be brought directly to bear upon the enemy; but must be further wasted among feverish plains and difficult mountain ranges. In Flanders, upon the contrary, the piston-rod of our force works directly between the source of power and the main body of the enemy. We strike with the greatest possible directness and the least possible waste. There is only one other means of attack more promising, and that has been wasted. We mean by sea blockade.

It is not a little strange that in sea-warfare at the present moment the enemy should be making the running. Our policy against the submarines may or may not be successful; but at all events it is a defensive policy. It must be admitted to be a curious turn of events: we are on the defensive at sea and Germany is on the defensive on land. As to the German operations in the Gulf of Riga, they do not appear to disturb very much the equanimity of our good Allies in Petrograd. It is rightly felt that an island or two, a strip of territory, a great city, a naval base or so are as dust in the balance compared with that great principle of Democracy, upon which so many eloquent things have been said. As long as politicians are free to enunciate these doctrines in palaces hitherto occupied by tyrants, priests, and kings, so long will the advance of Germany towards the capital be regarded as a tale of little meaning though the words are strong.

FUTURE EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES—I.

WE do not propose to examine the education provided in grammar-schools that receive grants. We are concerned with schools of the Eton and Winchester class, and consequently with the schools that prepare boys for those communities. Until about

sixty years ago our public schools did not pretend to teach anything but Greek, Latin and games. Wellington, which was founded after the Crimean war in memory of the Duke, Marlborough, Clifton, Cheltenham, and Haileybury, started a modification of the old tradition by having a modern side or school (as well as a classical school), in which mathematics, modern languages, and a little science were taught, rather insufficiently, it must be said. Eton, Winchester, Harrow, Shrewsbury, Charterhouse, Westminster, and Rugby followed the new example, slowly, and not very willingly. All public schools at the present day have a modern side. These schools are expensive, the charges (exclusive of scholarships) running from £150 to £300 a year. The questions are, Does the public school and University education meet the requirements of the present age? If not, how can it be improved?

These questions can only be answered by asking another—viz., What do the parents want to do with their boys? And this is a question to which the answer to-day will be different from what it would have been before the war. Had a well-to-do father of the upper-middle class been asked ten years ago why he sent his boy to Eton or Winchester, he would have said: "I want him to be taught the morals and the manners of a gentleman: I wish him to play games: and I hope that he will make friends who will be useful to him in after life." This is, we think, a fair summary of the ordinary parent's views in giving his son a public school education. And these objects the public school certainly achieves. It would be impossible to over-estimate the value, in the formation of character, of the system of prefects. For a boy between sixteen and eighteen to be set in authority over younger boys and to be made responsible for their conduct is as fine a training for the business of life as we know. As for the amount of time given up to football and cricket and racquets, the masters answer quite fairly that it is the parents' fault. Nine fathers out of ten would be far more pleased and excited by their boy's getting his cricket or football colours than by his promotion to the Sixth form. And games are good for the mind as well as the body, for they teach honesty, and loyalty, and fairness to an opponent.

After the war we imagine that the parent will envisage the problem of his son's education from a different standpoint. Unless he has been one of the lucky few, who have been making cloth, or leather, or cattle-cake, or explosives, or steel, or ships, in short, unless he has been a war contractor or profiteer, the father will find his income much reduced: and he will be forced to recognise that his son will have a harder struggle for existence than he had fondly hoped. He will therefore consider seriously whether Greek and Latin verses mixed with cricket or racquets or rowing are as likely to help his boy to make a living as mathematics, chemistry, modern languages, geography, history, or arithmetic. He will probably cast a sour eye upon the rising competition of the youths from grammar schools, "places no one has ever heard of"; and he will possibly think less of the value of association with the sons of an impoverished aristocracy and a declining squirearchy. The post-bellum parent will take the utilitarian or mercenary view of education.

We earnestly hope that the public school tradition will not be suffered to pass away. Granted that a great deal of time is wasted in trying to learn two dead languages, and, more absurdly, in pretending to write poetry in a foreign tongue. It has often been said that it doesn't much matter what boys learn so long as they learn to learn, that is, to fix their attention on the printed page. This has always struck us as rather absurd, for the time spent in construing Virgil or writing iambics and elegiacs might surely be spent not less profitably in learning something of applied science, geography, political economy, and history. The truth is that what is called a classical education is a purely literary or rhetorical training, excellent for those who are going to be orators in Parliament,

journalists, schoolmasters, or men of letters; but useless to, and quite thrown away upon, the ordinary unintellectual boy, who has to make his way in some commercial or professional occupation. For the Bar a classical education is no longer necessary or even valuable, as trial by jury is almost abolished in the High Court, and the opportunity of forensic eloquence has diminished. For the formation of style Latin and Greek will always be indispensable instruments. But literary style is doomed as undemocratic frippery, or will be dropped as a luxury of the fastidious.

Passing from the public school to the University, by which we mean Oxford or Cambridge, the question assumes a more serious aspect. The boy leaves school at eighteen or nineteen, and spends four years at the University. No matter what school an undergraduate may read for, to delay a young man's entry into life until he is twenty-three or twenty-four is only useful in one of two cases—when he is the son of a rich man who will not have to work for his living, or when he is going to be a schoolmaster, a clergyman, or a don, or if he deliberately sets before himself the career of "Gigadibs, the literary man." We think University residence might be shortened to three years for those who read seriously for honours, and to two years for the ordinary pass or third class man. The Long Vacation should be reduced by half, and is indeed only defensible on the theory that it is easier to read anywhere than at the University. At Oxford and Cambridge to-day there is, of course, every equipment for the modern type of education, excellent schools of law, history, science, and medicine.

The teaching of English history and literature is neglected both at public schools and the Universities. It seems absurd that a boy of twenty should be familiar with Thucydides and Tacitus and not have read Burke and Macaulay. But to this again the answer of the Classicists is a good one, namely, that if the boy does not read Tacitus and Thucydides before he is twenty-one, he never will read them; whereas he can pick up Burke or Macaulay at any time. The same argument may be addressed to the Modern Linguists. Besides the fact that there are long odds in favour of English becoming the "frank tongue" of the world, as much French as will open the literature can be learned in a year's residence in France. As for Spanish, the Spaniards must learn English. From the point of view of the commercial bagman, Chinese would be valuable.

The impalpable but indisputable connection between good taste and good conduct is a tempting subject, but can only be grazed at the close of an article. That balance of mind, that sense of the fitness of things, which Plato called *ῥυθμός* (rhythm), and which the French call *justesse d'esprit*, is most surely based on a study of the Greek and Roman writers. Bagehot went so far as to say that a man of coarse or deficient taste was bound sooner or later to fall into some gross error of conduct, a costly miscalculation, or a moral lapse. We agree with that most modern of philosophers; and, therefore, we do not wish to see Latin and Greek deleted, or even slighted, in the education of our public schools and Universities. We love our public school and Varsity man, and we do not wish him much changed. With all respect for our brave and brilliant allies, we do not want to transform our young Britons, with all their deficiencies, into young Americans, full of business, or into young Frenchmen, full of ideas.

We are not, as the above lines indicate, an educational expert. We merely write the prologue for the specialists who are to follow. We shall publish, either weekly or fortnightly, the views of representative men, an Oxford Head, a Cambridge Head, a pundit from one of the provincial Universities, and a business man in touch with the Chambers of Commerce.

TEMPORARIES.

WE are certainly "passing through things temporal"—or, rather, "temporary." The War has diverted so much service into public or industrial channels that domestic service—none too "domestic" even in peace-time—has become a sea of troubles. The substitute, the "temporary" (pray heaven it may remain so) is daily to the fore. It is not without its humours, though the humour is of a kind that is not "you laugh till you drop," but "you drop till you laugh." If any job is to be done—and households can vie with Governments in that respect—it is usually done by a child or a dotard. Not long ago we observed the Wordsworthian form of a village post-boy, aged nine, trundling his hoop as he delivered the letters. Still more lately we beheld a baker's girl on her bicycle, boisterously playing at pitch-and-toss with the so-called buns. And only this morning a double example of temporariness confronted us. We are expecting, not without tremor, another of those temporary parlour-maids who call themselves "tempery"—an adjective too often warranted. Her luggage arrived in advance, and in a conveyance that was temporary in the extreme. It was stacked on a bath-chair trundled for three miles by a dilapidated old man in a rusty frock-coat. He rang the front-door bell—bless him!—with a supercilious glance at our moulting abode, and while he stood there, the green linen suitcase, huddled in a heap of ambiguous parcels, looked piteous indeed. The broken-down bath-chair, with its extended handle, made a deprecating gesture, an emblem of boredom, though we mistrusted its meekness. How a bath-chair can be bored more than usual it is hard to imagine, but it was the herald of a new "temporary," who, we are assured on the best authority, will not be prepossessing in appearance. Wives usually say this with an appeal to our better instincts, and a suggestion that we should be thankful in the prevailing dearth to have secured a "temporary" at all. Such consolations are on the analogy of one exhorted to be thankful for having sprained his ankle instead of breaking his leg. But, in this instance, how do we know that our leg will not be broken, or, at least, pulled? It is all very well to foster a blind faith in sterling qualities, or to be told of friends wasting depleted incomes in futile fees to extortionate registry-offices. But human nature will not thus be staved off. Say what you will, a man does like to be waited on by smart, neat, well-liking women. He knows, of course, that the most attractive are now studying middle-aged in clubs or youth at restaurants. He knows, too, that the alertest work, brilliantly independent, in factories or tube-lifts, on cars or the land. But that does not make amends. He cannot forget that all the "temporaries" of his experience—their name is legion—are nominally of the uniform age of "under thirty" (a disqualification for the franchise), but actually of years varying, let us say, from thirty-eight to sixty-five. What can he do but sigh and submit? Horace affected a dapper Phyllis, but he was a philosopher.

No doubt there are both excuses and exceptions; but, as a rule, these ladies are "temporary" because, under no circumstances, could they have been permanent. In a word, they are "extempores." They are nomads by nature, and recently they have reaped a rich harvest. What we want—"What Mr. Micawber wants," said Mrs. Micawber, "is, in point of fact, a certainty." What we have got is the reverse. There was the temporary parlour-maid, who was always gloating over past glories with the zest of Mrs. Gamp's fictions anent Mrs. Harris. Whatever ought to have been done for us never had been done in the grand circles which she had patronised. Sir William always pressed his trousers "hissself," and Lady Florence had never expected her to touch a coal-scuttle where "ten was kep'." What were we among

so many? Then came the aggrieved "temporary" who burst into tears when anything had to be done: a man would have been a brute to remonstrate, and the wife said so. The psychological parlour-maid followed, who told that wife that never in all her born days, no, never, had she met such a fussy, fidgety gentleman, though she did not say she did not like him. But she also told him, with much-pretended hesitation, that she had no quarrel with the place generally, were it not—"but there! that was *her* secret, he might guess, but she would not 'let on.' " There was the "temporary," too (a stationary, alas!), who could not abide rations—"they brought the war that near to one." And there was the least irrational coward who ran away after the last air-raid, leaving behind her a smudged proclamation that she was off to Devonshire, because she could not stay in any bombarded area. She did not mention, by the way, the fact that a "dud" shell had fallen on her ancestral home. And then, there were worse than these. There was the lady of the highest antecedents who somehow coincided with a strange lessening of supplies—her left hand never knew what her right was taking. And there was another, unforgettable, unforgivable—a portly, elderly porpoise, who slipped down the backstairs with a tray of smashed crockery, and was found in hysterics, but firmly clapping a suspicious bottle. She would "have the law on us," she cried, if any of her limbs were broken; she, "a pore girl who never would have come to London had she known the height" of the houses. But the Law in the shape of our Insurance Company knew no such necessity, and she departed with a flood of Billingsgate. One other, there was, who seemed much more hopeful. She was shockingly superior, hailing from the renowned "Foodles," and often repeating for our delectation the platitudes which she had there overheard from the lips of General This—we, *perhaps*, knew him, and Lord That—had we ever met him? But, although brimful of condescending contrasts, she proved hardly a success. Her young men, commissioned lieutenants and Canadian captains, enjoyed free suppers, and, occasionally, a gramophone dance—and one does not like to have one's things always folded the wrong way on principle.

This problem of un-domestic servants is very grave, and we wonder what is to happen afterwards. Even before the war, the "ferment of revolution" had invaded our basements, but now the servants' hall is not only Liberty Hall, but a hall of license. We are more aware than ever that female Britons never, never will be slaves. And we recognise to the full that the servants ought to engage *us*, instead of our engaging them. There is yet another grave drawback to this "temporary" service. All along, our servants have known all about us, while we are absolutely ignorant of their secrets. But now that they shift quarters from month to month, they form a veritable whispering gallery—a Dionysius's ear. Letters are never sacred, and, as the Indian proverb has it, "A secret on a woman's lips is like a dew-drop on a flower." Who is to say now where or how often that dew-drop falls? Jones at the Club perhaps knows all about your mean, stingy ways or little family dissensions, for the "temporary," who departed under a cloud, has got to the Joneses, and Mrs. Jones has told her husband what a pity it all is, and how easily we may be deceived in our friends.

Things, as well as persons, are now temporary, and the theme is a wide one. Tea, for example, is very temporary, and despite pre-regulation imports of China tea which are mouldering in bond, we may soon be reduced (though the "temporary" never will be) to drinking hot water. Bacon, and the rest of it, moreover, are getting temporarier and temporarier. It is all very well for newspaper doctors—whose book it may suit—to assure us that two Brazilian nuts are

worth three mutton chops, or for advertisements to make believe that one patent tablet will last a day. We cannot help thinking that we ourselves should prove temporary if we followed their advice. And there are people who impede the war by busyboding precept and hypocritical example, whom we should like to see temporary indeed. Unfortunately—such seems our generation—if they were gone to-day they would be here to-morrow. But let us be of good heart. As we write, we have looked upon the new parlour-maid, whose baggage furnished the key-note of this little Scherzo. She is like John Wilkes, hideous but irresistible. We feel instinctively that she will never leave us; there is nothing temporary about her. She is "passing through nature to eternity."

CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE.

WHEN you are dealing with matter which is to be distributed in tens of thousands of copies what chance is there that it can really be preserved secret from our competitors? None whatever, and the fact should be recognised. The official mind forms a picture of persons who shall furtively peruse these Board of Trade reports, lock them up in a secret drawer, and proceed to act upon them without letting their right hand know what their left is doing. That is the Embassy method, the pigeon-hole plan. In commercial practice it is an impossible ideal. Heads of departments must be consulted by the merchant or manufacturer. The whole substance of the information contained in the returns must be sifted and discussed before it can be utilised or acted upon. To insist upon secrecy is to insist upon a farce. Yet that is what has been done. The first demand has been for an examination into the status of Chambers of Commerce. Unless a Chamber has the necessary standard of efficiency—that is to say, fulfils the Government official conditions as to its status—the supply of copies of this information is to be refused. We have spoken of winnowing the Chambers of Commerce. Winnowing implies the previous use of a flail! The Government flail is being applied to all the Chambers in order to separate the chaff—or what the official mind regards as the chaff—from the wheat, and the test is being put so high that probably one half of the existing Chambers at least will be unable to pass the test, and will be denied the information which is being so painfully and at such heavy expense collected by our Embassies and Consuls abroad. As far as can be seen at present these conditions are in fact most stringent. There will be special conditions of incorporation to begin with. The Chambers will be required to have an office of their own instead of being, as in many cases they are at present, merged in an accountant's or other similar office. They will be required to have a secretary, who shall devote his whole time to the work, and consideration will be given by the Government as to whether their income is sufficiently large to justify recognition. In short, a test is to be applied so drastic that recognised Chambers of Commerce will only exist—can only exist—in large commercial centres and nowhere else. All this is directly contrary to the system under which Chambers of Commerce have grown up and flourished in this country in the past. Doubtless there are some Chambers which are so small as to be almost negligible as independent units. It may be justifiable or necessary to distinguish in some manner between large and small. But the proposed tests are so severe that all the smaller Chambers are alarmed and apprehensive. The threatened Chambers, in fact, are in despair. They see their usefulness curtailed, if, indeed, their existence is not threatened, and all because of the incompetence of the official mind. There can be no doubt whatever as to where the initiative in the matter comes from. The Advisory Committee of the Board of Trade, containing representatives of some of the largest Chambers of Commerce, has avowed itself to be the author of the proposals. It has

with grim gravity expressed its wish to recognise and co-operate with Chambers of Commerce "which possess the organisation which is a guarantee of efficiency and discretion in the conduct of their business," and has requested the Association of Chambers to take the matter into consideration "with a view to improving the status of Chambers of Commerce generally," and so on. In short, King Log has become King Stork, and the Chambers, which have carried on excellent work for so many years in spite of the Board of Trade's apathy, find that their cherished policy of the establishment of a Minister of Commerce is not only to be burked by a half measure, but that the newly awakened department is engaged in an attempt to ignore the importance of its parents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONSERVATISM AND THE "NATIONAL PARTY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarcroft, near Leeds.

SIR,—I have been promised a visit from a recruiting officer of the New Party, and in order to prepare myself for the interview I have been reading, in the *National Review*, the disquisition by Brig.-General Page Croft, M.P., and his lieutenants on "The Policy of the National Party." Frankly, the article is disappointing. The Conservative Party has lost its power because it ignored its principles, and if its place is to be taken by a National Party this can only be done if the latter is ready to define its articles of political faith and to live up to them afterwards. The idea that any good can be done by a congregation of men, however earnest and enthusiastic, who hold conflicting and mutually destructive views on politics and economics is only worthy of the worst traditions of our English illogicality.

General Croft's essay is bright and breezy, but it certainly is not "bracing," for there is no attempt at any definition of principles and its denunciation of "party shibboleths" reminds one of those non-sectarian Christians who demand undenominational Christianity and think that the Jesuit and the Unitarian may be brought into one fold. Now just as without creeds there could be no "bigotry," and without "bigotry" there could be no martyrs—whose blood, as we know, is "the seed of the Church"—so a certain definiteness and exclusiveness of belief is essential in politics to the production of that enthusiasm on which political propaganda depends so largely for its success.

The Socialist party has certain definite principles, and if Socialism is to be fought successfully—as most readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW desire—it can only be through the opposition of a body of men holding and supporting principles of an opposite kind. If we are not out to fight Socialism tooth and nail, then, of course, the best thing to do is to submit to it, and so save the bitterness, rancour, and expense which political conflict involves. Of one thing we may be certain, "we cannot fight Socialism by bits of itself"—to use the expression of a friend of mine in reference to Socialistic and semi-Socialistic legislation—for its principles admit of no compromise, and, therefore, the idea that you can include in one party Conservatives, whose creed is in the main individualistic, and Labour leaders, whose creed is in the main collectivist, is hopelessly unpractical. Does any man, except a practising politician, suppose that it is possible to shelter under the same umbrella the owner of great possessions like the Duke of Westminster and a Labour leader who demands "the nationalisation of the land, mines, and railways, and all the means of production"? It is, indeed, the failure of the compromising, Give-and-Take policy of the present Coalition Cabinet—the policy by which the Conservatives give and the Labour people take—which has led to the collapse of Conservatism,

and the attempt to build on its ruins a new "National" party.

Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

SAFETY DURING AIR RAIDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The organisation of public shelters during air-raids is the most important and the most complicated task now awaiting solution. In all parts of the Metropolis there are a number of buildings of a size and character that render them eminently adapted for "taking cover," but it is fairly obvious that business premises, however impregnable, cannot be thrown open after business hours without some careful system of organisation and control. The Tube authorities have dealt admirably with the situation, but it must be granted that the proprietors of private businesses, even during business hours, are confronted with a much greater difficulty. Even in the case of large residential buildings like Rowton Houses, where the public have been admitted to the full capacity during the recent raids, the problem is far from easy, however public-spirited the owners may be.

In fact the question is only half solved by individual owners agreeing to admit all and sundry as soon as danger is threatened. The need for all buildings that will afford protection being made available will not be contested, but if the initiative is to come from the owners, jurisdiction should pass for the time being into the hands of the public, if not the military, authority. Questions of hygiene, security, and necessary safeguards for prompt resumption of business after the building is cleared, are all vital factors in the circumstances created by a heterogeneous crowd being marshalled together for several hours—it may be throughout the night, and neither the responsibility nor the expense of dealing with these matters should devolve on those who thus place their buildings at the disposal of the public at a critical time.

We are, Yours, etc.,

TWO ARCHITECTS.

Pall Mall, S.W.

15 October 1917.

OUR ANTI-FEMINISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hillcote, Newcastle-under-Lyme,

SIR,—May I humbly protest against the various disparaging generalities concerning my sex that have recently appeared in your otherwise generous *Review*? I am prepared to grant that there is a supply of so-called "bad women" (whether or not in proportion to the demand), and more particularly have I found this to be so among the nursing professionals, who have recently met with so much undue adulation.

On the other hand, I am old-fashioned enough to believe that any lack of chivalry to womankind as a sex will ultimately prove to be an injustice to those good women, "into whose soft hands and pitying hearts" we hope all to come at last.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

TERESA FAITH BISHOP.

THE CLUB HABIT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I do not think your correspondent A. M. P. G. has quite understood the article by "A Member of Bayes," who was not writing of the war-period, but of modern life as it was before and will be after the war. We all recognise the noble work done by women since the war, which has, with all its evils, rushed like a

purifying draught through feminine life. But when we see the swarms of busy women issuing from the Government and city offices, does it not prove what hordes of idle, frivolous females there must have been before the war?

Nor do I think that "A Member of Bayes" was referring to the women of the upper class, a very small section of their sex, who have nearly always set a high example of manners and intelligence. It must be remembered that "ladies of quality," as they used to be called a hundred years ago, are born and bred in the world of great affairs, and are accustomed to listen and to talk with men who are at the centre of things. This is an invaluable education, not to be got from governesses or schools, and makes your great lady so intelligent and stimulating a companion for men. Unless I am mistaken, "A Member of Bayes" was referring to the much larger number of women, the wives and daughters of the professional and commercial classes, who know nothing of the interesting world of politics and fashion, except what they read in the Society papers. I agree with your contributor that nothing is so boring as second-hand gossip. Besides this class, the largest, there is the smaller and less respectable crew, the rich and rakish, who used to call themselves "smart." What has A.M.P.G., in whom I detect a great lady, to say in defence of the Smart set? She should remember that the pictures in the Society papers are published with the consent and co-operation of the smart women. There is, however, another and more serious defence of clubs, which I venture to put forward. My house is quite as comfortable as "A Member of Bayes" depicts; yet I have four clubs, stretching in a dotted line from the city to Piccadilly. This extravagance I give myself, not as a means of escape from women, for I am a bachelor, but as houses of refuge from the raids of a rude democracy. I find everybody in restaurants and shops so disobliging and discourteous that at every mile I provide myself with a sand-bagged hut or club against the badness of modern manners. Though the perfect waiters of the old days have been replaced by smirking Paphians, some, I fear, of the pavement, I can still command in a club a chop or a cup of tea without being told to "wait my turn," or some other insult of the public place. After all, the club is to us what the inn or tavern was to the gentleman of the eighteenth century. What jolly times in inn-parlours, what adventures at night, do Smollett and Fielding and Borrow tell us of! We all know what Shenstone and Johnson have written about taking one's ease at one's inn, the tavern chair, "the throne of human felicity." The Athenæum and the Beefsteak are doubtless more comfortable than Buttons, but I am not sure whether the talk is better. A member of the Raleigh—it is dead, so it doesn't matter—once told me that what he liked about that club was that he could stick his feet on a chair, and say —, a much uglier word than damn and hell, which is now part of polite conversation. And there is a great deal in that, which perhaps sums up the sportive columns of "A Member of Bayes."

Yours obediently,

ARTHUR PENDENNIS.

(Late Maor in the Bombay Fencibles).

Bury Street, St. James'.

THE LIBERALS AND NATIONAL DEFENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, in rightly condemning the mischievous conduct of the Liberal Government between 1906 and 1914 in neglecting national defence, quotes Shakespeare's view of *si vis pacem, para bellum*. There is wonderful wisdom in our ancestors, let the Socialists sneer as they may. I will quote another remarkable passage from an old author, George Savile, Marquess of Halifax, written in 1694, on the subject of naval defence: "It may be said now to England, Martha, Martha, thou art busy about many

things, but one thing is necessary. To the Question, What shall we do to be saved in this World? there is no other answer but this, Look to your Moate. The first Article of an Englishman's Political Creed must be, That he believeth in the Sea, etc.: without that there needeth no General Council to pronounce him incapable of Salvation here. We are in an Island, confin'd to it by God Almighty, not as a Penalty but a Grace, and one of the greatest that can be given to Mankind. Happy Confinement, that hath made us Free, Rich, and Quiet; a fair portion in this world, and very well worth the preserving; a Figure that ever hath been envied, and could never be imitated by our Neighbours. Our situation hath made Greatness abroad by Land Conquests unnatural things to us. It is true, we have made excursions, and glorious ones too, which make our Names great in History, but they did not last." How comes it that our Government did not "look to our Moate" by providing against submarines? The answer is that they were absorbed in the parochial politics of Ireland and the Trade Unions; and that our Naval experts had no imagination. Even now there are people who want to run a tunnel under our Moate, forgetting that if torpedoes can blow up ships they can blow down tunnels. Let us look to our Moate.

Yours faithfully,

"R. N."

MISTAKEN HUMANITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Presumably everyone would agree that it is the duty of every Briton to do nothing that can prolong the war. Humane actions, if they prolong the war, are in reality cruel, not kind. The feeding of the Serbian, Roumanian, Polish, and Russian prisoners taken by the Germans, however kindly the motives of those who collect funds in this country for these purposes, has prolonged and does prolong the war. The Germans gladly allow us to feed prisoners whom it is their duty to feed, and then use these British-fed prisoners to till the fields, repair railways, and make ammunition. Of course, I am not alluding to the feeding of British prisoners in Germany: with regard to our countrymen, nature expels argument, and we are obliged to do the duty which the Germans neglect. But why should we help the Germans by feeding their prisoners of other nationalities? It sounds unfeeling; but, if the Germans were obliged to feed these prisoners, however badly, it would shorten the war.

Yours obediently,

LOMBARD STREET.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the third of the articles on the House of Lords, which you published recently, you say that "the Peers don't believe in themselves." It is unfortunately true, but, what is worse, a great many Conservatives don't believe in them. The Peers are national trustees, and whether they believe in themselves or not doesn't so much matter. The lack of belief in the minds of so-called Conservative politicians is more serious, because it means that Lord Bryce's Committee will substitute an elected or nominated Senate for the present House of Lords.

So far as I can ascertain by diligent inquiry, the dissatisfaction arises from (1) the absence of many Peers from the Chamber, (2) the stupidity of many Peers. With regard to (1), would it not be an excellent thing if there were more absentees from the House of Commons? What harm do the absentees do? A Chamber crowded with eager partisans does no business, or nothing but mischief, as we see from the example of the Lower House. As for (2), is it seriously contended that the average Peer is stupider than the average member of Parliament? When I was a candidate in 1910, I

was asked whether a certain marquess was not a lunatic. I answered that I did not know whether God had so afflicted him: but that I did know that, when I was in the House of Commons, there were three lunatic members, two in asylums, and one who wandered about the lobbies with a bag of papers, like Miss Flite, and was the terror of the Speaker and the officials.

The business of the House of Lords is done by a small number of Cabinet Ministers and ex-Cabinet Ministers, assisted by the Lord Chancellor and the Law Lords, and by a number of Peers who have governed India, Canada, and the Colonies. It is an ideal second Chamber. Elected Peers would be always thinking of their constituents like members of Parliament: they would not have the courage or independence to defend us from the revolutionary schemes that are afoot. Peers nominated by the Crown would merely be the creatures of the Prime Minister. But if neither the Peers nor the Conservatives will defend the House of Lords, the game is up. We shall most of us live to see the terrible results of this cowardice.

Yours obediently,

Ex-M.P.

BELGIAN RESTORATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 October 1917.

SIR,—It is hard to distinguish which of Belgium's actions in this war has become of most consequence to Western Europe. Her political action and her military action have both saved France, and subsequently her Allies, from defeat.

Her political action, which consisted in repudiating Germany's treacherous ultimatum, brought the British Empire into the fight on the side of France.

Her military action undoubtedly saved France, and subsequently prevented the Allies' left flank in Europe from being turned, in spite of the German General Staff's superhuman efforts and sacrifices.

Referring to Belgium's military action, let us place this clearly before the reader's eyes, and we submit that the following three distinct actions were performed to the great credit of the Belgian High Command.

(1) The holding up of the German forces by the forts of Liège from 6 August to 17 August. (This action enabled France to carry out her military plans and prevented any enemy interference with the landing of General French's Army.)

(2) The concentrating of a large Belgian Army at Antwerp, which by its numerous "sorties" achieved its object of deflecting two German Army Corps (the 3rd and 9th) from their march on France.

(3) The heroic defence of the Yser, from Nieuport to Dixmude, in October 1914, when, with the assistance of one French division and one French brigade, the Belgian Army held up 150,000 Germans during a period of three days. (This action enabled the British Army to detrain and move into position near Ypres, which action finally frustrated the enemy's attempt to turn the Allies' left flank.)

We, as Englishmen, have been fighting a cruel and treacherous foe, and our desire to fight on is mainly caused by the enemy's cruelty and fiendish methods of warfare. It is therefore quite reasonable for our brave men at the front to consider that, when they "go over the top," they are fighting their own fight; but nationally let us not forget that our fight is for Belgian independence and for Belgian Restoration.

Restoration is the word Mr. Lloyd George wishes the Central Empires to utter before he can consider discussing matters with their representatives.

Let us understand Mr. Lloyd George's meaning. Restoration is in no way synonymous to the word Compensation. Whereas Restoration implies the return of stolen goods, Compensation merely implies the paying for damaged goods.

According to the Treaty of London, 1831, commonly termed the Treaty of the Twenty-Four Articles, to which three articles were subsequently added, there can be no doubt as to Belgium's right of claim to Restoration.

We all agree that the Allies will secure Restoration by means of their victory, but it is undoubtedly very difficult for our competent authorities to determine the nature of the Restoration required by us on behalf of Belgium.

Political Restoration would mean reverting to the *status quo ante bellum* in accordance with the Treaties of 1831, 1839, 1842. But there must be no bartering, no interference of any description in Belgium's interior organisation. No attempt must be made to control Belgium's independence. The *status quo ante* would also impose strict neutrality for the future, but it is questionable as to whether civilised Europe could agree to a neutral attitude, to be preserved by Belgium towards Germany, unless German armaments were positively reduced to such an extent that any repetition of Germany's breach of faith would be rendered impossible. Under political Restoration, commercial treaties will have to be reviewed, and these should undoubtedly favour the Allies. The treaties regulating the navigation of the Belgian canals will have to be altered, so as to enable Belgium to recover by means of new taxes the enormous amounts stolen from her coffers, deposited with the Société Générale by the arch-robber General von Bissing.

Restoration would necessarily entail financial compensation for the destruction caused by military action and systematical theft committed under military auspices. We venture to suggest that no less a sum than two hundred millions sterling would cover the financial compensation to be claimed.

A very serious problem will have to be solved in regard to Antwerp, and preferential dock dues in favour of the Allies. Here again we must take into consideration the purchase price of 184,000,000 florins paid by Belgium to Holland in 1869 in respect of Belgium's navigation rights over the River Scheldt and the canals. It is questionable whether we can afford to abide by the *status quo ante* in respect of the southern shore and the mouth of the River Scheldt. Why should the Allies continue to be committed by a treaty which was conceived at a time when Germany's signature was considered to be acceptable; now that we know what faith can be attached to Teuton signatures, Holland can no longer expect us voluntarily to handicap our defensive navies in favour of a possible offensive action by an outlawed nation. Holland herself should undoubtedly come forward with a suggestion on this subject, particularly if she desires her shipping industry and colonisation progress in the West Indies to be supported by Great Britain and her Allies. No doubt adequate compensation could be offered to the Dutch Government, possibly in the shape of colonial enlargement, special coaling facilities, etc. From a military point of view, Restoration should convey future security to Belgium and her Allies, and we venture to submit that a geographical buffer, somewhere north of Liège, should be created against a future invasion from the east.

The province of Dutch Limburg, which formed part of the Belgian territory previous to the treaty of 1831, would undoubtedly satisfy these requirements. Holland might be approached on this point, and, judging by the lack of interest she has shown in the protective and defensive organisation in Dutch Limburg, she might be willing to agree to exchange her Limburg province for a slice of the German province of Frisia, or a financial indemnity based on the moneys expended by her on mobilisation and upkeep of her army during the war.

To sum up, let us judge Belgium by her noble King and his army in the field; let us think of the 150,000 young Belgians who dared the German electrocuting barbed wires and swam the Meuse to join their King as privates in the Belgian army at the front!

Let us realise now the importance of her self-sacrifice, and let us lose no time in realising that our political and financial interests are closely linked with Belgium's future.

Trusting to the victory, now well in sight, of our glorious armies over the criminal foe, let us be true to our gallant friend Belgium, and carry out to the bitter end our Premier's word *Restoration!*

PRIMUS.

[We agree with the general tenor of this. But the question whether *ante bellum* commercial and political treaties are cancelled by the war, or how they will be affected, is new and difficult, and we cannot discuss it at present.—Ed. S.R.]

VICTORY OR NEGOTIATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Heaths, Haslemere, Surrey.

SIR,—With the writer of the recent letter, under this heading, many of us are asking themselves how they stand on this issue. Those who question are, for the most part, the middle-aged and the bereaved, who tremble for the perpetuation of the nation. Is not war itself a hostile and horrible form of negotiation? And we ask ourselves, is there nothing else with which we may fight, save our precious, our inestimable flesh and blood?

We are indeed weary of being told what we are fighting for. We believe we are fighting for the Right. And when we took up arms it was our only weapon against the German tide of blood and fire. We believe now we have the barbarians at bay. The whole world is at war, and the New World has declared for us. Now, there is a certain pet phrase on the lips of many: that this war will end as suddenly as it began. This war was not the outcome of any sudden movement; it was made slowly and deliberately by Germany. It will not end suddenly, for when men lay down their arms by mutual consent, or through inability, we shall pass through some decades of tariff wars and national bickerings. Why not recognise the fact that this great world-upheaval is still in its infancy, and that even the terrible sacrifice in France has brought us but a trifling gain? Let us prepare for a hundred-year war as deliberately as Germany prepared for this. No sudden shocks upon the Western front will bring us sudden victory. We have our enemies at bay, and that is all for the time we can expect. These battle shocks may, with their ghastly toll, decimate the nation; but, such is the intricate nature of modern warfare, victory in the true sense is strangely elusive. In preparing for a hundred-year war, it should be understood that the onset only would be a war with men and munitions. When is the time of tariff wars and the war of ideals to commence? Your correspondent points out that our ideals are hopelessly confused. It is for the right we stand. Let us confess our faith and pray more. Let us confess our shortcomings and difficulties. Are we confident we can beat the enemy on the field? We know we can keep him at bay. We can do no more than our best. Caution must be our watch-word. New methods must be devised. Are our men to rot month after month in the trenches? With a better system of defence, could the line not be held with half the number? Could not every man have six months' leave in the year, and could not that leave be spent in working for the nation's needs and not in a costly rest-camp?

Yours faithfully,

FLORENCE GAY (MRS.).

SENTIMENTAL LEGISLATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It appears to me that all the principal Acts of Parliament during the last ten years, especially during

the reign of the "Old Gang," have been based on sentimental grounds, not on practical utility and good common sense. When I read a few months ago of the release of the wretched Sinn Feiners, I exclaimed, "What a mistake"; of course, it was done with the idea of pleasing the remainder of the excitable crew, but experience has shown that they exhibited no sign of gratitude or thanks for leniency, nor are they ever likely to. It is no use trifling with them. I am aware that there is a war on, so are they; nevertheless, it behoves the Government to exercise the utmost firmness, prompt and efficacious, in dealing with the situation, otherwise the irresponsible rabble will speedily grow from bad to worse. It is now proposed to give women the Parliamentary vote, partly because of their work for the Army. Is that a beneficial concession, or is it only sentimental? Is there a single woman engaged in war work who took it up with the idea of getting the vote? I think not. And is there one in a thousand who, when they have it, will take any real interest in politics? I am dead against votes for women for that reason; but if allowed, they should be confined to spinsters and widows who are ratepayers; to give it to married women and young girls is too absurd. The fact that there is a war on is surely no excuse for ridiculous legislation as many seem to think.

Some also hold the idea that at the next General Election all the soldiers at the front should be allowed to vote; I would not withhold it from a single one who wished it, but to imagine that the great majority, under present circumstances, would care to be bothered about it at all, is certainly inconceivable. We can all understand the ultimate aim of the excessive pandering to the self-styled Democracy, the English Sinn Feiners, who look for legislation for themselves alone, but it is not for the good of the country. The Henderson-MacDonald affair was the return of a boomerang.

Yours, etc.,

TRAVELLER.

THE POOR LAW AND THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Prestone, Firle, Sussex.

SIR,—In a pamphlet advocating the passing of an Act of Parliament post haste, and headed, 'The Ministry of Health,' by H. Kingsley Wood, L.C.C., Solicitor, on page 4, the author, after the words "all that part of the population that is most concerned," speaks of the "prejudice, the odium, and the dislike at present inseparably connected in the public mind with the very name of Poor Law." Perhaps if the learned gentlemen would inquire a little further, he might find that other "people most concerned" have an equal prejudice, etc., against the very name of other kinds of Law: also that the administrators of the much-maligned Poor Law are placed in their unenviable positions and subjected to calumny by popular elections, and have been since the passing of the Local Government Act of 1894: so that their efficiency (if proved) possibly reflects more on the choice of the electorate than the advocates of popular Government would care to emphasise. The Poor Law is not perfect (what human institution is?); it is, however, the growth of years, and what guarantees have we that some hurried and untried inventions would do any better, or be any more beloved?

HARRY SCARLETT.

THE EDUCATION BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Doria, Worcester.

SIR,—Before we spend the enormous increased sum on education proposed by Mr. Fisher's Bill, would it not be well to examine the existing system and its

working, to see if a little more cannot be got out of it? I suggest this in no spirit of hostility to the scheme, but because I think the British taxpayer neither will nor can stand very much more.

Our elementary schools work about five hours a day. On Saturday and Sunday they are closed, and there are about fifty days' holiday in the year. I assume that most schools are much the same as the three of which I am a manager.

This reduces the working days to four a week for the year. The schools usually open and close quite punctually—there is no overtime or home lessons. During the school hours there is little waste of time, and the teachers work conscientiously to make the best of their opportunity.

So far as school hours that seems right; at a public school, we had about the same, but with this very important difference, that whereas the child at an elementary school does not, and is not required to, open a book after school, we had two or more hours' preparation in the evening.

It was during these two hours that I looked out some thousands of Greek and Latin words and learned what I know of these languages, as well as many other things, for I was one of a rather numerous class who cannot learn in school.

I do not know how far home lessons are possible with elementary schools—I am told they are impossible! At the same time, I may say that I was once examining a country school, and was struck with the knowledge and intelligence of the children. I learned afterwards that the mistress had provided them all with dictionaries, and made them prepare a piece of English prose every night.

English is rather crowded out of the school curriculum at present, and many books are to the children what Wordsworth's Greek Grammar, with the explanation in Latin, was to us—written in a language they do not fully understand.

I should be sorry for any suggestion of mine to increase the burden of the teachers or the children, but the burden of the taxpayer is the more serious consideration, and if its proposed increase can be avoided by a better arrangement of our existing school system, I trust that some of your more qualified correspondents will show us the way.

Yours faithfully,

F. W. POWELL.

THE VULGATE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 October 1917.

SIR,—The Latin Bible with which Jerome put all other versions out of date has always been cherished by men of letters, and those who seek for noble inscriptions worthy of public notice and permanent regard. The Vulgate in a decent form has never, perhaps, been easy to secure, though the New Testament is available, I believe, in a neat edition published in England. Since the war started, however, France, where one naturally looks for the Vulgate, has none to supply. The excellent catalogues for the book-lover of French booksellers include no copies of it.

I suppose this means that all of them have been taken up in the religious revival due to the War, though it might be called a revival of Faith rather than of any particular form of dogmatic Religion.

I found recently a curious parallel to this view in the United States, where, it is reported, a state of war has led to an unusual demand for Bibles. Orders cannot be executed at a sufficient rate to cope with the demand, and anyone who possesses a set of electrotype plates of the New Testament of pocket size is declared to "own

something almost as valuable as a steamship." I am curious to know whether the changes of the American revisers—often rather distressing to an Englishman's taste—have made any way in the popular regard of the United States.

Some English publisher might well produce the Vulgate at once in a comely and a handy form. I feel sure that such an edition would not lose much of the money of the ever-cautious publisher, if its existence were made known to lovers of good letters. Though swamped by vulgar and Philistine readers, they still exist in considerable numbers, and a subscription list printed in the style to be used in the volume would secure their adherence. The War has not killed the taste for books worth reading and possessing. It is likely, indeed, that it has increased it. At least, that is my belief.

Yours faithfully, W. H. JACQUES.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford.

SIR,—The various demands made by Germany for the freedom of the seas were based on lying and deceit, intended mainly to confuse the ignorant; but since the Pope has taken the matter up it may be stated that Germany, up to the war, has had the full freedom of the seas since she became a maritime nation, and would have that freedom now if her navy was more powerful than that of the Allies. She will again have that freedom as soon as the war is over. As far as Britain is concerned, she has had far more, by being allowed to enter our harbours in every part of the world where our flag flies on the same terms as our own ships, like all other nations. We have given her still more by restricting our own ships in loading too deep, for the benefit of humanity, but leaving her to do what she pleased. Here we made a great mistake from a humane and a commercial point of view. Did Germany thank us for all this freedom? On the contrary, with a smiling face she deliberately set to work to undermine us by giving a bounty of 5 per cent. to her ships, so that they could always carry passengers and cargo at a cheaper rate than ours, and in this way fill up while we were sailing sometimes with half-cargoes. With the object of making everything as cheap as possible to our consumers, we permitted this one-sided matter to go on right down to the war, at a great loss to our shipping, by which they became poorer and poorer, while Germany got richer and richer. With this accumulating wealth she began to see the possibility not only of taking away our trade, but actually of our Empire, her excuse to herself being that we were a set of fools and quite unworthy of being a great world-power. In every part of the world she began to undermine us, in Persia, in China, and even in Afghanistan and India.

Our statesmen, from Gladstone down, permitted her goods to come in to us duty free, by which we saved a few hundred shillings at the expense of our own workers, and now have to pay over two thousand millions of gold for that great adventure of cheapness.

Since Pope Alexander VI, 1493, divided the earth between Spain and Portugal, no greater blunder has been made by the Vatican than this committed by the present Pope. Even with the wisdom of the serpent as a possible basis, it is and must remain a colossal blunder, chiefly because it is bound to fail and to make the world believe that Pope Benedict and his advisers are working with some ulterior object. Why, for the past three years of the war, have they never offered a strong protest to the Central Powers against all the terrible crimes committed in Belgium and France? Is the Pope content to see the civilised world reduced to abject slavery in order that his own creed shall stand fast?

Yours truly,

EDWARD BOND.

REVIEWS.

THE GLADSTONIAN FALLACY.

The Turkish Empire: Its Growth and Decay. By Lord Eversley. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

It is noteworthy that writers on the Turkish Empire who derive their information chiefly from Christian writers or association with the Christian subjects of the Porte are anti-Turk, while those whose chief acquaintance is with Turks are pro-Turk in their sympathies. That there is a danger in accepting Christian evidence on Moslem matters may be judged from the fact that there are in the book before us, four alleged quotations from the Koran, discreditable to Islam; nowhere found in Moslem scripture, though passages resembling them, but with a different meaning, do exist. Lord Eversley is not to blame for this, for his intention to be fair is evident on every page; but, knowing nothing personally of the Asiatic side of Turkey, he has given too much faith to English writers with a grudge against it, who in their turn have given too much faith to Eastern Christian writers of a bygone age. Lord Eversley is fairer in his judgment of the Turks, it may be said at once, than any other British author of his standpoint. What that standpoint is is clearly stated in the preface, where he writes:—

"So long ago as in 1855 and 1857 I spent some time in Constantinople, and travelled in Bulgaria and Greece, and was able to appreciate the effects of Turkish rule. As a result, I gave a full support, in 1876, to Mr. Gladstone in his efforts to secure the independence of Bulgaria. . . ."

He also acknowledges his indebtedness, "for valuable suggestions," to Lord Bryce and Sir Edwin Pears, both of them gentlemen who largely contributed to that strange aberration of English Liberalism which professed to see in Tsardom the salvation of the East. When we have called Lord Eversley essentially a Tsarist writer, we have made our criticism, for all the other faults we find with his well-written and amusing history arise from that. Throughout the later history of Turkey he holds up to the admiration of his readers the disinterested conduct—aye, and motives—of successive Tsars. He would seem to be entirely unaware that the disorders and abuses in the Turkish realm, which he attributes solely to the Turks, have been to some extent the work of Russia underhand. A more intimate acquaintance with Bulgarians or Greeks, or in these latter years Armenians, would have set him right. It does not seem to strike him that the Turks have ever had a cause of just complaint against the Christian Powers, or may have feelings; or that Asia has ideals and sentiments deserving some respect. For him, non-Christian Asiatics have abundant human interest, but no human rights. How different was the attitude of Disraeli, whom Lord Eversley, like all the other Tsarist writers, treats with contempt!

Disraeli thought of Asia, as befitted a British statesman, and saw the Turkish problem in its Asiatic as well as in its European bearings. Unfortunately for his life-work, his vivacity and wit, more even than his Jewish blood, offended all the solemn Mandarins of English politics, and prevented many from appreciating his amazing foresight. Lord Eversley expects us to agree with him in thinking that Disraeli was a fool because he held that it was possible for Turkey to become regenerate. But everyone of close acquaintance with the Turkey of the last few years knows that she could revive if the Young Turks were given time and place for their reforms. One of the most implacable of anti-Turks (a Russian) in 1913 agreed with the present reviewer that Turkey could recover in a single generation if she were let alone.

"But that," he added, with a sneer, "is not within the sphere of practical politics." Disraeli meant that England should protect the Young Turk movement when it came. He foresaw the Turkish Revolution, for he sowed the seed of it. If you ask any progressive Moslem who inspired the modern and enlightened pan-Islamic movement, he will answer "Beacons-

field," and will refer you to a certain Guildhall speech, or that more famous speech at Aylesbury about "Bulgarian Atrocities," which Lord Eversley regards as purely flippant. Those speeches had tremendous influence for good upon the Moslem world.

We notice, by the way, that the author, while quoting Gladstone's famous pamphlets on Bulgarian atrocities in 1876, omits all mention of a curious letter written by the British Ambassador at Constantinople to Lord Derby in the following year, which fully vindicates Disraeli's attitude:—

"... A great portion of the English public are, probably, still under the impression that the statements upon which the denunciations against Turkey were originally founded are true—the 60,000 Christians outraged and massacred; the cartloads of human heads; the crowd of women burnt in a barn"—this story is retold by Lord Eversley—"and other similar horrors. There are persons, and amongst them, I grieve to say, Englishmen, who boast that they invented these stories with the object of 'writing down' Turkey, to which they were impelled by a well-known hand. People in England will scarcely believe that the most accurate and complete inquiries into the events of last year in Bulgaria now reduce the number of deaths to about 3,500 souls, including the Turks who were, in the first instance, slain by the Christians. No impartial man can now deny that a rising of the Christians, which was intended by its authors to lead to a general massacre of the Mohammedans, was in contemplation and it was directed by Russian and Pan Slavist agents."

Upon those first false rumours, published in the *Daily News* by Mr. Pears, now Sir Edwin, and widely circulated, rests the whole weight of that Gladstonian fallacy which made of English Liberals the chief supporters of Russian despotism, and diverted the Islamic policy of England from enlightened and progressive into gross reactionary channels. Lord Eversley quotes the well-known opportunist saying of Lord Salisbury to the effect that in supporting Turkey we had perhaps been "putting our money on the wrong horse." Lord Salisbury, like every other British statesman since his time, thought for the moment only, and lacked sympathy with Asia. Disraeli thought for future time, and he loved Asia. He is a bold man who dares to assert that he was wrong.

FROM VIENNA TO —.

Main Currents of European History: 1815—1915.

By F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

FREEMAN and his school used to snort with indignation over the student of history who ventured to specialise in the nineteenth century. Senlac, called Hastings by the profane, and "my battle of Bouvines," Simon de Montfort, the assize of Northampton, and the rest of it were to them the true ends of research; Waterloo and Königsgrätz, Cavour and Karl Marx's International counted as trivialities. That stratification of history was a curious idea, and it naturally brought about a vigorous reaction. Nowadays, under the stress of universal war, the plain man perceives that a knowledge of European Congresses has its practical value, and that the groupings of the Powers during the past century deserve the attention of the right-minded citizen. As Prof. Hearnshaw cogently remarks, it would have been well if the voters at recent general elections had understood the precise nature of our treaty obligations to Belgium, with the unavoidable deduction that our military preparations had failed to keep pace with our policy. But, useful though they are, text-books on nineteenth century history are largely in the nature of experiments. The precise bearings of religious movements and working-class legislation evade us from their complexity, while the analysis of recent diplomacy is little better than guesswork. These are serious defects, though little importance need be attached to the com-

mon lecture-room cant that the story of our fathers and grandfathers cannot be approached with detachment. Did not Mommsen lash himself into a scream of vituperation against poor old Cicero, the most human of all the Romans, and was not Macaulay a flagrant Whig pamphleteer? The detached historian, if he has ever existed, buzzes in the void of his own dulness.

Fortunately, the "main currents" are clear, even if the eddies of history, subsequently, at any rate, to the Crimean War, still remain unfathomed to their depths. The Congress of Vienna can be taken as the reservoir, so to speak, whence certain streams of tendency have flowed down to our own time. To Harriet Martineau, a doctrinaire Radical, and the worthy, but arid, Whig, Sir Spencer Walpole, that body presented itself as a gang of legitimist dotards, criminally blind to the claims of "democracy" and "nationality." But Castlereagh and Metternich himself have been reconsidered of late. The Congress, as we now perceive, gave peace to Europe during an invaluable forty years, years of material prosperity and intellectual advance. It did so under a system of equilibrium, the much-decried doctrine of the "balance of power," the only alternative, after all, to the one-State ascendancy that Napoleon had imposed on Europe. Disposing of democracy, which it excusably might, as a temporary and aggressive phenomenon, it tried to organise the continent as a whole, supervised by the periodical meetings of Congresses. Mistakes occurred, of course, such as the cession of Belgium to Holland, yet a barrier had obviously to be opposed to French ambition, and a treaty engagement to that effect had been given before the diplomatists met at Vienna. The Concert, unhappily, proved to be much too paternal; England broke away from it, and Canning, followed by his disciple, Palmerston, established an opposition of the Western Powers with liberal institutions as against the despotically governed States of Middle and Eastern Europe. How far the said Liberal institutions, which Palmerston professed to approve in the case of Spaniards and Portuguese, while grudging them to his fellow-countrymen, really benefited the Peninsula, is a very dubious point, but that by the way. Under this geographical and constitutional grouping, Europe shambled along until the Crimean War, though Thiers nearly upset it by reviving the Napoleonic tradition in Egypt. And the Crimean War, philosophically considered, came less as a sequel to tiffs about the Holy Places and all that, than as a forcible readjustment of the balance of power, which had been shaken by the revolutions of 1848.

Democracy raised its head in 1830, and was promptly suppressed by the bourgeoisie. A better chance came in 1848, since Proudhon and his school had given it the inspiration of revolutionary doctrine, fallacious, no doubt, but still doctrine, and Mazzini had sowed his propagandist seed. But a precious mess the insurgent working-classes made of their opportunity, what with the national workshops in Paris, the Republics at Rome and Venice, and the torrents of incompetent garrulity at Berlin and elsewhere. Thenceforth, its currents were various; it would need a very clever historian to confine them within one formula, even if he employed sentences as long as Clarendon's. In England, for example, democracy came to its own by playing on the see-saw of the political parties. France acquired democracy, as the by-product of defeat and the loss of provinces. The Germans equipped themselves with a paper democracy, and then stultified it by erecting an irresponsible Government. And has democracy ever really come to its own; has it not persistently voted for lawyers and journalists, who fail to represent it, and who tempt it to put money in its pocket by raids on capital, and to regiment itself to the complete negation of liberty? Prof. Hearnshaw, while admitting its past errors, is hopeful for democracy, but it must be confessed that the triumphal example for the moment, that of Russia, is none too

encouraging. In tracing the evolution of the companion doctrine of nationality we stand, however, on surer ground. From the day that Napoleon III, half-idealogue, half-conspirator, set out to give Italy a jealous instalment of freedom, it has made progress, and we can discern such landmarks by the current's side as the Treaty of Berlin and the subsequent arrangements affecting the Balkans. The Central Powers, by annexing Danish Schleswig, Alsace-Lorraine, and Bosnia and Herzegovina have created refluxes, and in these latter days they have plotted for a world-supremacy designed to crush all other States, both great and small. The next Congress, whether it meets at The Hague or elsewhere, will register the defeat of this conspiracy, and, it may be, create a League of Law for Europe more efficacious than its predecessor, the Holy Alliance. Formidable problems will confront it, all the same, and when Prof. Hearnshaw oracularly decides that the Turk is to be expelled from Europe, he might as well tell us, Russia being unwilling, by whom the said Turk is to be replaced.

The Book of Artemas, concerning men, and the things that men did do at the time when there was war. Westall & Co. 2s. net.

ABOUT a hundred years ago the literati of Edinburgh were much amused by 'The Chaldee MS.' in 'Backwood's Magazine,' which quizzed Scott and other eminent figures of the book world in Biblical verses. Constable was represented as going to Abbotsford and getting a cool reception:

"But the man which is Crafty saw that the magician loved him not. For he knew him of old, and they had had many dealings; and he perceived that he would not assist him in the day of his adversity.

"So he turned about, and went out of his fastness. And he shook the dust from his feet, and said, Behold, I have given this magician much money, yet see now, he hath utterly deserted me. Verily, my fine gold hath perished."

In sixteen chapters composed in a similar style the anonymous author of 'The Book of Artemas' has satirised the Kaiser and the events and persons of the War. We do not know if he thought of 'The Chaldee MS.' as a model. He may have had in his mind the Book of Mormon, which is striking in its parade of the Biblical dialect mixed with bathos. But here the bathos is used with considerable skill to make points in modern slang or the small-souled English of to-day, and the italics scattered about the Authorised Version are copied for the same purpose. The whole idea is old enough to be novel once more, and Artemas is sly and skilful enough to deserve his many editions. The persons and place-names are sometimes severely abbreviated, but were always clear. He is "one of the scribes that were in Lon in the land of En." We are introduced at the outset to Willi, who exclaims: "Verily have I found favour in the sight of the Lord; and in my sight has the Lord found favour." The men of Ire took power into their hands in En, since "an House that is divided against itself will stand anything," and they were always asking for more, when they had got what they wanted. They "prepared them long faces and did get ready for another occasion. Neither was the day ever known when any man that was from Ire did render thanks for that which he had received."

War brought the war scribes:

"And of these, Belloc did write him for the great captains and for them in authority, that they might read and learn and receive his commandments.

"And Blatch did write him for the common soldier, wherefore the violence of his words was a thing for delight, demolishing all contrary argument."

"And there was also Horatio, being him that did ever step into the breach; yea, even into the breach

that was not there did he step; and he wrote concerning righteousness and blood."

The politicians, described for the most part by Christian names, are well hit off, but we do not think that Augustine was ever notoriously "deep in engagement with the words of the ancient Greeks." As for David, he "did even make the workers work; and this was a thing that was never before known in the land of En."

We cannot always applaud the taste of Artemas, but his booklet is welcome, if only for the reason that there is so little satire in this age of the dubiously great and copiously decorated.

THE HEARTS OF SOME RUSSIANS.

The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth and A. Sirnis. Youth, 1847 to 1852. With a Preface by C. Hagbert Wright, LL.D. Dent. 5s. net.

Michail; or, The Heart of a Russian: a Novel in four parts. By a Russian Lady. Heinemann. 6s. net.

The Gambler and other Stories. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. Heinemann. 4s. 6d. net.

The first volume of these three is a great disappointment in every respect. We must confess that we have never shared in the adoration of Tolstoy as prophet which has been current for the last twenty years or so among the loose-bow'd and long-haired variety of our feeble literary folk, and has slopped over into suburban tea-parties and ethical societies: the spectacle of a gentleman who has as good a time as he can get till he is too old to have any more, and then begins to warn the world not to follow his example, creates in us a somewhat unsympathetic attitude. But Tolstoy the author has a very different claim on our attention; he has written half-a-dozen great works of fiction, and more, he has written them in a style unsurpassed in his own language, while capable of accurate translation into English without the loss of individuality.

The diary now published ranges over five years, 1847-1852, from Tolstoy's eighteenth to his twenty-third year. It is no exaggeration to say that many equally interesting ones could be collected from sixteen-year-old high-school girls, or from Bible-class youths under the influence of Smiles's 'Self-Help' and other works of that kidney. The childish egoism, the naiveté are those of an unlicked cub, the heartless selfishness is the only quality which presages the artist, as the hatred and fear of women foretells the prophet. Even his lapses into sensuality, which have been very properly cut out, lack the interest in what he did which makes the Pepysian grossness human and tolerable. As for the editing, we should be inclined to pass it over in silence if the remainder of the diary could be expected to be as valueless as this. As it is, we may ask who is expected to be benefited by notes telling us who Lamartine, or Rousseau, or Sterne was? And who, pray, is interested in learning what the anonymous editor, or is it the translator, does not know? And who is responsible for the translations from Tolstoy's mongrel French, which have afforded at least one hearty guffaw to the little world of reviewers? Mr. Hogarth's prowess as a translator is well known. His impertinent excisions in Klyuchevsky's 'History of Russia,' which deprive it of any real value to the student of constitutional history, and his equally unjustifiable treatment of Gogol and of Goncharov, have made it necessary for the editor to insist on a literal translation, and the publishers to vouch that this is a complete one. So far, so good; but the rendering is often so literal as to be unintelligible, and in other circumstances this might be a pity.

'Michail' is written in English, but composed in Russian. The author need make no apologies for her style; it is simple and direct, and very rarely indeed does it show any trace of unfamiliar idiom. The world she describes is that of the highest circles, and Michail

himself is as naively selfish as Tolstoy, and much more human. It is a world of Ouida's guardsmen, of a society where the mistakes of legal marriage are ignored, and its members live in monogamy, polygamy, promiscuity, or polyandry, without any moral considerations arising for discussion, a society which is described with a simple unconsciousness of outside judgments, which carries the reader to the end as surely as Dostoevsky or Tolstoy themselves. It is hardly likely that its success will be repeated; it seems as if we had here the one good novel that, we are told, everyone can write; but not one of a thousand first novels approaches this in power or interest. We hope for another from the lady's pen as clearly seen and well written as this.

Mrs. Garnett is one of the two best translators from the Russian that live to-day, but even she cannot make 'The Gambler and other Stories' anything but dull. Yet there are passages in the 'Gambler' which, read in the light of the author's letters and autobiography, throw much light on his genius. It is at least pleasant to have in our hands a trustworthy and complete translation of the tales.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

Unconquered. By Maud Diver. Murray. 6s. net.

IN her new novel, Mrs. Diver has forsaken Anglo-India, and has given us a story of the war, with England, Scotland—and, for a few chapters, France—as its setting. It is hung on a somewhat conventional thread—the mistaken infatuation of the hero, Sir Mark Forsyth, for Bel Alison, a shallow and heartless flirt. Her pacifist ideas distinguish her from the ordinary coquette, though they do not make it easier to understand why a man of parts, and of character, should be so long in finding her out. However, it takes the war—from which he returns a cripple—and the knowledge that Bel cannot face the prospect of an invalid husband to cure Sir Mark of his folly and to show him where his heart really lies.

A good novel is as rare as a good sermon, and we can claim for 'Unconquered' no unusual qualities. Nevertheless, in spite of the thin motif, the book has merits. Mrs. Diver has an eye for character, and Bel is rescued from the commonplace by the touch of subtlety which makes her pose even to herself, and which leaves her the victim of her own artificiality. The attitude towards her—and towards each other—of the different members of Sir Mark's little circle of intimates is well described, and the relations between Sir Mark and his mother are portrayed with sympathy and perception. Moreover, in an age over-given to revolt against anything which makes for a standard or for discipline, it is refreshing to find an advocate of "the brave old wisdom of acceptance" as a philosophy of life. Mrs. Diver's outlook is thoughtful enough and wholesome enough to make us regret the kind of sentimentality which she sometimes allows to cheapen her work.

AN AUTHORITY ON EDUCATION.

The Student's Guide. By John Adams. For the University of London Press. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net.

DR. ADAMS, who is Professor of Education in the University of London, tells students in this manual how their faculties work, and how to fit themselves to make the most of them, in fact, how to play the twisters of the examiner with a straight bat, and score satisfactory marks. The book is laudably free from pedantry and full of homely illustration, though well abreast of recent research concerning the powers and disabilities of the human mind. The student can find here a means of discovering his special strength and weakness and of avoiding priggishness. He is told, we are glad to see, not to be afraid of hard

work, or of dogged work, which may produce quite good results. For the healthy nine or ten hours a day is not dangerous, and the phenomena of fatigue—a new and important study for all educationists—are briefly exhibited. The popular impression that memory and brains do not go together is contradicted, and some useful hints are added as to learning by heart, which, however, modern authorities do not regard as a means of improving the memory in general. Concentration of the attention is the real memory-improver. The difference of speed in reading between one and another is very marked, and Professor Adams tells us that the quickest readers are not handicapped by their pace, but are even the best qualified to stand an examination in the matter they have read. Some readers may think that he is not practical enough in some of his suggestions—he does not write a “cram” book full of hints of distressing brevity—but when they reach the last chapter on ‘Examinations,’ they will find it very much to the point.

The book is really educational, but easy to read and enlivened by the Professor’s stories, which include an indictment of a fragment of his own moustache. We were only puzzled once. Who is the “Foster” who ends a list of well-known English essayists? Is he the Baptist whose essays arose out of conversations with Miss Maria Snooke, and, if so, does he deserve to rank with Addison and Goldsmith?

LATEST BOOKS.

Besieged in Kut, and After. By Major Charles Barber, I.M.S. With Illustrations and Maps. Blackwood. 5s. net.

The Tale of a Casualty Clearing Station. By a Royal Field Leech. Same publisher. 5s. net.

Our memories of ‘Blackwood’s Magazine’ are too fresh to regard ‘Besieged in Kut’ as a novelty. Still, we are glad to see “C. B.” enlarged into a recognisable author, since the writing of the book is excellent, and deserves to have something more than initials attached to it. Major Barber belonged to the medical service, and his cheery fortitude is all the more striking when we reflect on the number of casualties with which the doctors had to deal. The hospital in Kut lost three of its wounded staff before the siege was more than a few days old. Sniping and shells were incessant. The Christmas Eve of 1915 was ushered in by a furious onslaught of the fort and a day-long bombardment of the town. Every season in the East seems to have its special pest for human creatures. After six weeks it was clear that the relieving force was not going shortly to end the business; fuel was scarce, and half-rations began. But the whole of the garrison were worthy of General Townshend, whose spirit was splendid. It seems to us a pity that the real name of the regiments involved should be mentioned at this date. What harm would it do? The average reader is tired of the official reticence. After the siege was over, Major Barber was shown off in the streets of Baghdad as a prisoner, but there at least abundant fruit and vegetables must have been a most welcome change after a period of deprivation.

The “Royal Field Leech” reveals once more the admirable spirit and endurance of our doctors. His bright chapters have also appeared in ‘Blackwood’s,’ and attracted the attention that they deserve. Here, as in the book just noticed, we find the same story of difficulties cheerfully overcome, and ready acceptance of orders from people who are called by the initials of their offices. Without explanation we could hardly guess who the “A.P.M.” was. There was little time for recreation, and we wonder how the author managed to get on paper the vivid little conversations which enliven his narrative. Another surprise is that, with so many small worries to master, the nerves and temper of the workers remained in such good order. The job of a clearing hospital in a moment like ‘The Retreat from Mons’ would appal the stoutest heart.

Modern Water Colour. By Romilly Fedden. Illustrations. Murray. 6s. net.

One of the best books of notes for students is Hunt’s ‘Thoughts on Art’—the American, not our English, Hunt. Mr. Fedden’s little collection of practical “tips”

at the end of his book may safely be recommended to students and to amateurs who wish to understand something of the technique of painting from the wings, as one might say. Earlier in his book, which is not very aptly titled, Mr. Fedden is too inconclusive to be thoroughly illuminating. He starts many interesting hares, but does not run them down. For instance, touching ugliness and beauty. Properly speaking, nothing is ugly or beautiful in painting and sculpture but pure form and colour: a shape may be stupid or badly proportioned, an arrangement of colours, or a solitary colour, may be vulgar or jangling; they then may properly be called ugly. But when we say that the subjects of pictures are ugly we are importing associations derived from non-visual impressions. To plead, as Mr. Fedden pleads, that artists, taking an ugly subject (and he means ugly by association), transform it into a new element, so creating a true and beautiful work of art, is to beg the question. If an artist paints a vilely diseased and wholly poisonous procuress, for example, with profound insight and truth, he does not turn her into a beautiful work of art, as we use the word. His picture may be beautifully drawn and painted: but the subject will be the more abominable the deeper and truer was the painter’s penetration. Must art, then, of necessity be beautiful, as Mr. Fedden next asserts? Clearly we must be very careful to keep the qualities of painting and drawing distinct from those of association, and to face the logical end of a train of thought fearlessly.

Then, again, we should have liked Mr. Fedden to pursue more closely his interesting question: What is good colour? But he trails off into a discussion of the scientific nature of colour vision. We flatly deny that a painter cannot increase his range of colour vision by endeavour and experience. No doubt, a man is born with limited potentialities in this as in every faculty. But environment and stimuli are as efficacious in their operation on an eye for colour as on any other organ. Is good colour definable? We believe it is to the extent that good music or good architecture can be defined. On the other hand, no recipe à la Mrs. Beeton would ensure the salvation of a hopeless colourist.

Among Mr. Fedden’s practical hints and ethics we venture to challenge one. “Never copy a picture,” he says, “in the same medium in which it is painted.” Now, why? If you want to penetrate the technique of pianoforte music, you would hardly confine yourself to playing it on the violin. If you are anxious to learn how Van Dyck managed his technique, how he used his ground, his second painting, and his glazes, you would be singularly silly to copy him in water-colour. Of the nine illustrations selected, we suppose, for the education of his readers, four reproduce Mr. Fedden’s own work. Girtin, Melville Sargent, D. V. Cameron, and George Clausen are also represented.

The Compleat Schoolmarm. By Helen Hamilton. Blackwell, Oxford. 3s. net.

This bitter satire on High School ways and mistresses is dedicated to “those women who, striving to make education more human than it at present is, nobly and despite its drawbacks, remain in the teaching profession.” The drawbacks—the humbug and narrowness of the scholastic career, the overwork and the absence of true, unforced gaiety—are painted with a vigorous pen by the author. If she could also see a little more of the bright side, her work would be more effective. Anything written in a bad temper from the first page to the last—be it newspaper or book—is apt to pall on the reader. We do not think that by any means all those who acquire academic distinction as the crown of a schoolgirl’s career live a life of mutilation, and

“sun themselves
In vanity, in self-importance,
In pride of intellect colossal,
Amplify content.”

Nor do all teachers seek to make their unfortunate pupils exact replicas of themselves. The High School has its necessary restrictions, never, an observer may think, more necessary than to-day, when the behaviour of the flapper is becoming a byword. A small section of the author’s examples may become “brainy, learned, stern-eyed women,” but a great many of them are “loved . . . by mundane people,” and have not had their souls “grabbed” by the machine. Hard

work does not kill the human animal, male or female, so quickly as some lazy folks would have us believe.

"Hockey and other desperate games,
Exceedingly fatiguing,"

may be overdone—athleticism generally is overdone in most modern schools—but they result in a fitness which the women of other nations do not share to the same extent. Large feet, indeed, are not gracious objects, but a sound heart and a good wind and a trained body are excellent acquirements for the battle of life.

Is the typical result of High School education a girl "half-pedant and half-tomboy?" We refuse to believe it, though there is something in the author's sarcasms. For one thing, educational authorities have a way of going about only with people of their own sort, and talking "shop," when they might be getting useful hints on humanity from different sorts of people. The missed chances of intercourse with the other sex seem to be rather an obsession with the author. If education of any sort results in "maimed, myopic" specimens of humanity, that education is all wrong. But can that result be fairly ascribed to High Schools? That is the question.

The Grand Lodge of England, 1717-1917, being an account of 200 years of English Freemasonry. By Albert F. Calvert (with 280 portraits and other illustrations). Herbert Jenkins.

Of English Freemasonry, in the modern sense, little or nothing is known before 1646, when we learn from the diary of Elias Ashmole that he was initiated at Chester. In 1717 there were at least four lodges meeting in London, and these associated themselves to form a Grand Lodge, the date of formation of the earliest of these being given as soon after 1691. In 1721 the Duke of Montagu was elected Grand Master, and from that time on the Craft began to spread. Lodges were rapidly formed all over Europe, and became so popular that as early as 1738 Clement XII launched a Bull against "some Societies, Meetings, Gatherings, Conventicles, or Lodges commonly named as of Liberi Muratori or Free Masons . . . in which men of any whatsoever religion and sect, content with a certain affectation of natural virtue, are associated . . ." in a mutual bond under oaths of secrecy. This condemnation was renewed in 1751, 1821, and 1825. The existence of Masonic Lodges in many countries of Europe was in consequence forbidden, with the result that Masonry in these countries assumed a political cast, quite contrary to its formulæ and spirit.

Mr. Calvert has restricted himself in general to the history of official Freemasonry in this country, almost ignoring the numerous offshoots from it which were planted abroad and in the Colonies and dependencies. He gives a thoroughly sound and trustworthy account of his subject, and adding valuable criticism of the commonly accepted traditions of the Craft, some of which he traces to their source. It is a book which should be in the library of everyone interested in Masonic history—but it would be much the better for a full index, and for a list of the numerous plates and facsimiles given, and we could have desired, as the book is so lavishly illustrated, some examples of Masonic clothing and emblems of historical interest. We remember seeing in a country house near Moscow, a complete set of clothing and jewels—with a central G. in the star, of quite unusual pattern. It is fortunate that the task of chronicling the vicissitudes of Grand Lodge has fallen into such competent hands.

Bulletin of the School of Oriental Studies, London Institute, Finsbury Circus, E.C. 6s.

This, the first publication of the London School of Oriental Studies, should not be overlooked because it is wartime. The average man is lamentably ignorant of Oriental matters, and ought by this time to have realised how important the East is to us from the point of view of Empire and commerce. The languages of the School include African tongues, on which Miss Alice Werner touches in a short article in the present issue. Hindustani and Arabic, which are treated by other scholars, have besides well-developed traditions a lively and increasing scope in the vernacular.

Mr. P. J. Hartog shows in an article on 'The Origins of the School' what difficulties it had to pass through before it could be opened last February. There were various attempts at establishing Oriental institutes before, such as Dr. Leitner's at Woking, but they did not prosper, and committees and commissioners, as the



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world knows, produce more talk than practical results. However, the School has at last emerged from these, and should receive the public attention and support which it deserves.

Among the 'Papers Contributed' are a number of translations of Chinese poems. We like the story of the unfortunate 'Orphan' who was sent out with a melon-cart and upset it:—

"The people who came to help me were few,
But the people who ate the melons were many,
All they left me was the stalks—
To take home as fast as I could."

We note a pretty 'Satire on Paying Calls in August,' and a line or two concerning 'The Scholar Recruit':—

"Mounting a barricade I pacify remote tribes.
Discarding my sash I don a coat of rhinoceros-skin;
Rolling up my skirts I shoulder a black bow."

THE CITY.

ALTHOUGH the price of rubber has fallen to 2s. 5d., the rubber plantation companies have, on the whole, done very well during the War. Unfortunately, a quarrel has arisen between the Council of the Rubber Growers' Association and the Young Producers' Committee, which has been recently formed under the generalship of Sir Ivor Philipps. It is not easy for an outsider to penetrate the esoteric difference which divides these groups of companies into opposite camps. Both parties profess to have the same object in view, namely, more considerate treatment of the younger plantation companies in the matter of excess-profits tax. The decision of the tribunal was that 10 per cent. interest should be allowed on the capital (including debentures) of the company before exacting any excess-profits tax. All parties seek to get this percentage increased to an allowance of 15 (or at least 13) per cent., only the Council of the Rubber Growers' Association want to present the case for re-hearing in their way and by their lawyers, and the Young Producers' Committee want to present the case in *their* way and by *their* lawyers. As usually happens when the quarrel is over personalities and not principles, a good deal of bitterness has been aroused, which may end in a secession from the Rubber Growers' Association.

There is a great deal of interest in Oil at the present moment. The Production of Petroleum Bill, read a second time on Tuesday by the House of Commons, makes the nation the owner of all petroleum found in Great Britain after this date, subject to a royalty to be paid to the owners of the surface. Of course, the Radicals object to the payment of the royalty, preferring to simply confiscate the oil; and it may come to that. Oil there undoubtedly is in these islands: that is to say, there are plenty of lands that are petroliferous, which is not the same thing as oil-bearing. That is to say, there are many districts which show traces of oil; but no lands have yet been discovered where there was an oil stratum that it would pay to bore to. Still, there is no reason why the Government should not amuse themselves by looking for oil in the fields of England and Scotland. A far more important step has been taken by the Government, in their search for oil, by buying a controlling interest in the Anglo-Persian Oilfields, in which the Burmah Oil Company has also a large interest. This purchase was recommended by Mr. Winston Churchill, when he was First Lord of the Admiralty, in order to make sure of a supply of oil as fuel for the Navy; and it may turn out to be as important a deal as Lord Beaconsfield's purchase of the Suez Canal shares, quite one of the best investments ever made by an individual or a nation.

A very curious position has arisen owing to the great and unusual demand for gold metal by jewellers. The melting value of an ounce of gold is £3 17s. 6d., but jewellers will now pay £5 an ounce. The Mint will give you 77s. 6d. and 77s. 10d. for an ounce of gold bullion, but in Hatton Garden you can get 100s. Suppose you take a £5 Bank of England note to the Bank and demand five sovereigns. You may not export these

sovereigns, but if you melt them you would make a very handsome profit. The odd thing is that while the metallic value of the sovereign is much higher, its purchasing power is much lower, some people putting it at no more than 14s.

The International Financial Society has obtained the leave of the Fresh Issues Committee of the Treasury to issue 1,000,000 Imperial Tobacco Ordinary shares of £1 at nineteen shillings.

INSURANCE.

SUN LIFE OF CANADA.

HAVING considerably more than 130,000 policies on its books, and something like £43,500,900 at risk, in August, 1914, the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada was bound to suffer more or less severely from the effects of war mortality, and the accounts show that the death claims, which had amounted to £336,526 in 1913, rose to £380,091 in 1914, to £472,466 in 1915, and to £561,440 last year. The rate of expansion in this vital particular was therefore much greater than would have occurred in ordinary circumstances, and it would be extremely interesting to know in what proportions the increase of about £225,000 shown was due to (a) normal development of existing connections, (b) the absorption of other businesses, (c) the longer duration of the policies in force, and (d) claims directly due to the war. On all these points the reports issued here throw no light, but it is all the same evident that up to the end of 1916 the prosperity of the company had not appreciably been affected by the war. Notwithstanding the difficulties which had to be coped with during the latter part of 1914 and the whole of the following year, and which were especially reflected by a shrinkage in the volume of new assurances and an abnormal demand for surrender values, extraordinary progress continued to be made, and the profit earned steadily increased. The accounts show, indeed, that between 1913 and 1916 the total premiums, including the modest sum

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General Sir HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN, speaking recently of the retirement from Mons, said he could bear testimony to the extraordinary bravery and cheerfulness of the rank and file. It was the most wonderful thing they could possibly imagine. The men were tired, worn out with marching, with very sore feet from those very heavy roads, but they were just as cheerful as possible, and all they wanted was to be allowed to turn round and fight again.

Many of these men had the misfortune to be taken prisoners in the retreat. During the long time they have been in captivity they have received the most inhuman treatment at the hands of the Germans.

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received by the thrift department, increased from £1,759,764 to £2,487,138, the assurance and annuity funds from £11,211,938 to £16,629,385, and the amount earned on the investments, apart from any profit derived from the sale of securities, from £651,963 to £896,095.

These almost sensational increases were obviously due in part to the taking over of the business and connections of the Home Life Association of Canada, Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada, and the Prudential Life Insurance Company of Winnipeg, but the assets received with these businesses account for only a moderate part of the expansion shown by the life funds, the net amount taken over having apparently been £207,807 in the first case, and £1,037,515 and £58,455 in the two other cases. A little more than £1,300,000, out of a total increase of £5,417,447, was therefore attributable to amalgamations, and this would probably add between £70,000 and £80,000 to the interest earnings, as all three companies taken over had previously earned a high rate of interest on their funds.

That the Sun Life of Canada did not altogether escape from damage through the war is manifest from the figures which have been published. Surrenders only required £201,368 in 1913, whereas the amount called for in each of the three succeeding years was £299,460, £369,670, and £373,749. A change of this kind, which was doubtless largely due to policyholders who were taking an active part in the war cancelling their contracts, would appreciably affect the growth of the premium income, and it has already been shown that the war claims paid by the company up to December 31 last must have amounted to a substantial sum. Moreover, the reports prove that the immediate effect of hostilities was to greatly decrease the volume of new transactions. In 1913 the new assurances increased by about £700,000 to £7,046,079, but in the succeeding year there was a sharp decline to £6,609,727, this total being followed by £7,165,860 for 1916, when the Canadian business alone showed an improvement of £358,965, and by £8,788,828 last year, when the connections of the "Home" and "Federal" offices, as well as those of the company itself, were being vigorously developed, in view of the better financial conditions which obtained, and the unprecedented demand for policies of life assurance. In this connection it has also to be remembered that the company's important annuity business visibly contracted for a time, only £514,991 being received as consideration in 1914 and £266,170 in 1915, against £515,562 in 1913. Last year, however, a good recovery was made, an amount of £419,300 being paid by purchasers of annuity bonds of various descriptions, £270,344, against £245,190 in 1915, being raised here, and £148,956, against only £20,980 in Canada and other countries.

In view of these several misfortunes the continuous expansion of the annual profit in certainly surprising. In the year before the war began £145,156 was divided in cash among the policyholders, and £86,693 was added to the surplus, which stood at £1,182,120 on December 31, 1913. In the following year a profit of £344,445 was realised, £177,075 being returned to policyholders and the balance added to the surplus, raising its amount to £1,336,396. These satisfactory results, obtained in the first year of the war, were succeeded by a profit of £417,445 in 1915, of which £203,377 was divided and £214,068 retained, whilst last year an amount of £477,775 was earned, of which £51,370 was set aside as a special investment reserve fund, £228,267 paid or allotted to policyholders, and £198,138 added to the undivided surplus, which now stands at £1,748,602, having increased by £566,482 during the last three years, although the scale of distribution adopted in 1913 has not been altered. This fine result appears to have been largely due to decreased expenditure, by which we mean that the burden on the premium income has been steadily lightened.

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